

The Children's Newspaper, March 20, 1943

THIS RUSSIAN FEELING

FOR ever the history books will tell the tale of the Russian soldier who beat the proudest soldier in the world and shattered the greatest war machine.

If he had done no more he would have deserved well of mankind for removing the filthy figure of Hitler from the stage; but indeed the Russian soldier has covered himself with a glory too great for words. He has raised his country to the height of the Third Great Power and lifted up the heart of every free man on the earth. One who knows him well (a Moscow correspondent of The Times) has sent home a remarkable portrait of the Red Army man, who has put all humanity in his debt, and we cannot but feel that he will be a brother in the building up of the great new world.

Strange it will be to those who remember the dark past of this amazing land, the long oppression of the people under the cruel and ignorant Tsars. It is not very long since all Russia was betrayed by a villainous monk who had the wife of the Tsar in his power. It is not very long since the days of the bigot Pobedonostseff, whose iron hand was on the life of Russia for a generation. His fanatical religion was the trampling-down of the

upheaval. What is true beyond all challenge is that Russia under the Soviets is far happier and nobler than under the Tsars.

Well would it be for us in our island if we could share the Russian peasant's devotion to his country, his intense love of the very soil he treads, and his invincible faith in its future. He is no jingo in this new age of patriotism that has raised him to where he stands. He loathes war for its own sake, and is the victorious soldier of this hour only because the murderous Huns are trampling down his land.

He looks at his cherry orchard and shudders to think that the Germans may have it and tear it down. He looks out across his countryside, all flowers in summer and all ice in winter, and trembles at the thought that the Devil's Juggernaut is coming from Berlin. He has seen the old folk living happily under the Soviets after their weary life under the Tsars; he has seen them gathering their possessions in a sack and going away, with groups of bewildered children, to seek a new home in a strange land.

It is this that has set his blood tingling—this bitter cruelty that has come to Russia



THE RED ARMY MEN COME CREEPING

people—no Parliaments, no law courts; no juries, no freedom of the press, no education, a good life for tyrants and slavery for the rest. He lived into our century and died in his bed, but the Tsar's wife died in a cellar.

WE have only to know a little about the long-drawn-out tragedy of Russia under the Tsars to understand something of the new sense of values which has possessed this nation emerging from darkness into light. Behind its people are the weary centuries of cruelty beyond all understanding, despotic rulers, brutish aristocrats, corrupt priests; before them is an illimitable vista of one of the richest countries in the world in their own hands.

It would be strange indeed if all were fair and right according to our views in such a marvellous transformation. No man pretends that the Russian system responds to our idea of English liberty or that the hard view which is taken of religion there is what we should like it to be. But no man expects so tremendous a transition to come about in twenty years without social and moral

as she renews her youth. He has seen his country drenched in Nazi blood, torn to pieces by Nazi savages, its fair fields ravaged, its harvests stolen, its cities burned, its villages blotted out. Seeing this, and remembering what mighty Russia is, how great, how rich, how everlasting, he marches out to meet Apollyon, for all is not over:

*Something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.*

So millions march and fight and die for this great land that stretches half across the earth; it is the measure of the world's scorn for the German Beast that tramps the continent, leaving its trail of blood and filth and fire and pain and hunger and death.

It is this scorn of a foul thing, and this inexhaustible love of Holy Russia, that stirs the soul of the conquering hero coming on. It is this faith that is moving mountains. It is this passion for a country that has frightened the life out of Hitler and made a mockery of his solemn rantings about the Herrenvolk. This Russian soldier, singing

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

A Candle For America

ONE of the secret publications that circulate through France, without any help from the Germans is a pamphlet from America containing an account of Franco-American friendliness and goodwill a quarter of a century ago.

The story recalls that in 1918, during the last war, an elderly French priest was knocked down and injured by a car belonging to the American Navy. It happened that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was travelling through that part of France at the time, and he went to express his personal and official regrets and offer compensation.

The old priest, however, gently but firmly declined to take any money for himself. He would not be persuaded, but it appeared that the stained-glass windows of his beautiful old church were much in need of repair, and he would dearly like to have them

replaced. He at last agreed to accept the cost of the work.

The windows were renewed, and when the work was done the kindly priest, now recovered from his injuries, lit a perpetual candle in the church in honour of the Americans. He felt, perhaps, that France had much to thank them for besides the fresh glory shining through these windows.

Some years later the American official learned that the candle was still burning; and possibly it is burning there still.

This true little story has been read behind locked doors and at the risk of savage punishment. It is entitled *The Flame*, and has been written for the French people by the man concerned in the incident, who was at the time Assistant Secretary of the US Navy. He now holds a more exalted office in his own country, and is quite well known. His name is Franklin Roosevelt.

What An Army Needs

General Montgomery's Eighth Army (the finest army ever known in British history, according to the War Minister) has been working on communications over 1000 miles long, as all the world knows.

What all the world does not know is that it has 120,000 lorries which need 2000 new tyres a day. Each division needs over 500 tons of stores every day, and in the line itself stores consumed daily were 2400 tons.

We commend these facts to those who sit in armchairs or stand on platforms crying for the moon in the shape of a Second Front for which we may not be ready.

SPRING COMES TO LIVERPOOL

Flowers have been reaching the blitzed city of Liverpool by sea, bringing a new touch of loveliness and a new breath of sweetness to make glad the hearts of the citizens. Odd that while Beer can go anywhere you may not send a box of violets by rail!

Someone was so moved by the sight of these precious blooms to write an extra verse for Mr Massfield's Cargoes. Here it is:

*Bucking British coaster, storming north from Cornwall,
Through the Irish Channel under sou'-west rule,
With a cargo of narcissi,
Daffodils, anemones,
Headaches for Lord Leathers,
and Spring for Liverpool.*

Continued from the previous column
tender songs to himself, spending his leave listening to great music and watching a fairy play, is more than a match for a Nazi with nothing but hate in his heart, meanness in his mind, cruelty in his soul, and a knife in his hand. The Russian who loves his comrade as a brother of destiny is more than equal to Hitler's Ishmael armed in steel and fire.

He goes into battle with a textbook in his pocket, for he has much to learn if Russia is to rise to the top of the world. He thinks she will. He knows how great and rich she is, with wealth undreamed of, all undeveloped by the Tsars. He knows she has everything civilisation needs except Rubber. He knows that no other land on earth can match her great forest 600 miles deep, with unrivalled supplies of timber. He knows that nowhere else is such water power as can be had from Russia's rivers, long enough to flow round the world. He knows that her oil reserves are more than those of all other nations put together. He knows that no other land has so many

fertilising minerals, such boundless grasslands.

And he knows that it is all his own, that no rich class, no selfish rulers, can wring from the people the product of their toil. He knows that his scientists are as good as any, as inventive and ingenious and courageous, living if need be on ice-floes, in regions of perpetual ice and darkness, developing the country round the Pole, seeking new knowledge in unexplored forests with tigers prowling in the undergrowth. He knows that life in Russia has been hard and has made its people strong.

PERHAPS he often thinks that it was Mighty Russia that brought Napoleon down and sent him hurtling to his doom. He has been misunderstood, not only by Hitler but by ourselves, but he has proved himself and is no more the citizen of an outcast land. He is the heroic figure of Europe, conqueror of the conqueror of the continent, and what he will make of this country emerging from its dark, mysterious past may yet be the surprise of the peaceful half of our wonderful century. Arthur Mee

The Great Lady of China A TALE OF WALES

CHINA has a population of approximately four hundred million people; Wales has a million or two. China is so big that Wales could quite comfortably be tucked away into a corner of one of its provinces and be lost on the map. Yet China owes a lot to Wales.

Under the inspired and inspiring leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek China is winning a place for herself among the great nations of the world. "Watch China" may well be an international watchword; not that she will be suspect, but because she will merit the appreciation and the applause of all who are prepared to give honour where honour is due. It is about 60 years since Lord Wolseley said that the Chinese might one day rule the world.

China has an equally fine and inspiring leader in the Generalissimo's wife, the petite little lady, Madame Chiang, thoroughly Chinese and thoroughly Christian. She has been a powerful leader and an inspiration to the Generalissimo and the whole nation. Now let us see where Wales comes in.

Many years ago a cargo boat put to sea with a skipper named Jones; he was Skip Jones to everybody, even to the lad who did the odd jobs about the deck. In this little Chinese boy the skipper took a great interest. Many a time when they were out at sea the boy was invited to the skipper's cabin, where Skipper Jones read him stories from the Bible, and told him many things about the life and teaching of Our Lord. The lad listened and learned, and what he once learned he remembered.

Eventually Skipper Jones re-

tired from the sea, and came back to his beloved Wales. The lad left off seafaring as well, and went back to China. Skipper Jones passed to his rest, and the Chinese lad grew to be a man, and married. Several children were born into his home, and are now grown men and women. One of them is Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

This noble lady, who it is hoped may visit England and Wales before her return to China, has spoken at a great meeting in New York, following on her address to Congress.

In her speech in Madison Square Garden she set as a goal for the United Nations a future in which "this whole world must be thought of as one great State common to gods and men."

All nations must have equal opportunity of development with the strong, not exploiting the weaker States, but helping them to fit themselves for full self-government.

Madame Chiang declared that there must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world, but a forgiveness of enemies no matter what had been suffered at their hands; and there must be co-operation among nations. She said she had no doubt the truly great leaders of the United Nations were working towards the crystallisation of this idea, but they would be impotent without the support of their peoples.

The Proud Armada in the Bismarck Sea

*They counted them at break of day,
And at the sunset where were they?*

WHATEVER we may think of the treachery and cruelty of the Japanese it is impossible not to be deeply moved by the fate of the armada they sent out to New Guinea.

A fleet of 22 ships set out to reinforce their armies on the island, ten cruisers or destroyers and twelve transports, with perhaps a thousand men on each transport. Altogether the fleet equalled not far short of a hundred thousand tons, and it went steaming on its way with an aerial armada to protect it.

But the eye of the Allied Air Force discovered it far off in the mist, and pursued it with re-

moroseless vigilance. Day after day the fleet went on its way, day after day the Allied pilots kept it in view. Then it became possible to give battle from the sky to the fleet on the waters of the Bismarck Sea, and the end was swift and terrible. Every ship went down, scores of planes were shot to pieces, and 15,000 Japanese were drowned.

None of them could be picked up because of enemy planes, and the next day a search of the waters revealed nothing of that great armada but the wreckage of ships and planes and rafts.

It is war. It is victory for us and catastrophe for Japan. But it is horror too deep for words if we sit down and think quietly of what is meant by the sinking of 22 ships, and 15,000 fathers, brothers, and sons.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

It is good to see that Sir Stephen Tallents has become Director of Public Relations in the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

The post will just suit him. Sir Stephen is one of the best friends of the countryside, and the love of country runs in his blood. He loves his garden, his trees, and his river, and if you call on him you are as likely as not to find him wading in the river, clearing it of weeds and tidying up its bed.

In some Departments of Govern-

ment the Director of Public Relations may seem a luxury; but in the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning no office could be more vital and more necessary. It is an office which will bring Sir Stephen in touch with all who have ideas of what should and should not be done in the countryside, and no man could fit it better or come to it with a warmer sympathy and understanding than this vigorous and imaginative young man of 58 who seems to know nothing of the passing of the years.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE countries now compelled to trade with Germany find themselves unable to obtain anything in return for their goods, and Germany owes them already one thousand million pounds.

The Ministry of Transport, issuing the figures for Road Deaths in January, appeals to motorists not to allow themselves to be "lulled into a false sense of security." It is well known that even one drink of alcohol before driving will do this.

In two years Porter Tom Pruden of Wigan LMS station has collected singlehanded 200 tons of assorted scrap.

The Board of Education hopes that older schoolchildren will help local Food offices again this year, as last, with the work of writing up new ration books.

THERE are now more than 120,000 tractors in use on Britain's farms, compared with 52,000 before the war.

The small village of East Cottingham, 12 miles from York, has raised £53 by a Red Cross Week, in which a blind girl collected £1 by carol singing.

If you have any unwanted stamps the S.O.S. Society, 61, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C.1, will be glad to have them for a good cause; in the same good cause they will also send approval sheets of stamps for your collections on application.

Rowntree's workers at York have raised £1004 for the Red Cross Fund by a three-days sale of work.

Youth News Reel

THE Scout Troop of Coalpit Heath, a very small place near Bristol, raised the splendid total of £120 for the B-P Memorial Fund, an average of more than £5 a head.

Toronto's newest Scout Troop, the 201st Kiwanis, is a miniature League of Nations, having among its 28 members boys of Finnish, Jewish, French-Canadian, Polish, Negro, and Russian origin.

NEVER before has the Boys Brigade formed so many new companies in England as have been enrolled this session, and a special appeal is issued for the revival of companies that collapsed during the air raids.

A Staff-Sergeant of the Boys Brigade serving on a destroyer in Arctic waters has found three other Boys Brigade members in the small group of signallers in his ship.

In a Wings for Victory parade of all Services at Barnet, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert highly praised the Girls Training Corps as the smartest detachment on parade.

The CN

Many readers have had much difficulty in obtaining the CN during the war, and in many cases we hear of readers who cannot obtain it at all.

We are glad to say that it has become possible to print a few thousand more copies each week, so that wherever this difficulty has not been overcome the newspaper may now obtain extra copies.

Readers who have trouble in securing the paper should show this paragraph to their news-agent and he may then be able to put matters right.

A Master Scheme For Rebuilding

THE Royal Institute of British Architects did splendid work when it produced a plan for the New London which will presently arise. It has followed it with an exhibition at the National Gallery of plans for a New Britain.

We have to consider at once our need for workplaces, homes, health, education, and recreation. The RIBA is giving us what may be called a master plan, flexible enough to meet varying conditions. The public-spirited architects who have done this work point to the essentials of healthy life, including good housing, free from overcrowding, with country or parkland within easy walking distance from home, easy transport, good well-lighted schools, efficient hospitals and clinics, and comfortable and cheerful working-places.

Where new towns are to be created, say these architects, homes and workplaces should be separated, perhaps by green belts. It is laid down that the basis of any town must be the family. Two hundred families

might constitute a Residential Unit, with its own nursery school, shops, refreshment places, and green space. Such units might combine to make up a Neighbourhood Unit of, say, 1000 families with its school, church, shopping centre, restaurants, and library. Eight Neighbourhood Units could make a Borough Unit with secondary schools, hospitals, civic, cultural, and entertainment centres, stores, railway station, and local industries.

Finally, a District Unit might be made up of, say, 60,000 families, embracing all the previous units, but having its technical schools, local government offices, market hall, and special hospitals. We can imagine this District Unit so arranged that the entire town would function within one great park.

PARLIAMENT'S GREAT LOSS

THE sittings of both Houses of Parliament were adjourned as a mark of respect for Captain Fitzroy, Speaker of the House of Commons, who has passed away after a brief illness. It was his hope, after his golden wedding celebrations in 1941, that he would see the Peace, but he has lived only to see the Dawn. He had been Speaker 15 years, and was one of the most popular men who ever sat in the Chair of the Mother of Parliaments. He saw the House of Commons damaged by enemy bombs, and his own Chair in fragments, but he knew that all was well. He will always be remembered.

The Speaker's death while Parliament was actually sitting brought the machinery of Parliament to a standstill, for without a Speaker the House of Commons cannot carry on! The House, as we have said, immediately adjourned, and at its next meeting the first business was the election of a successor to Captain Fitzroy, and all was well. The new Speaker is Colonel Clifton Brown.

Arbor Day

The Central School for Boys at Northfleet has celebrated Arbor Day with the planting of a flowering cherry-tree. The Headmaster gave a short talk on the origin of Arbor Day, and mentioned some of Kent's Famous Trees, while in conclusion the Vicar of Northfleet (Rev. F.A. Page) blessed the tree with this prayer, which was repeated by the boys and teachers:

O Almighty Lord God, who art the creator of all things and the source of all life, hallow this tree, we pray Thee, with Thy heavenly blessing; and, as Thou dost give it life and growth, so teach us to love and care for all created things as being Thy gifts to us, whereby we may be led to serve and worship Thee in the beauty of holiness.

THINGS SEEN

Two youths riding penny-farthing bicycles at Cambridge.

A London girl eating a banana on the Embankment.

The last Speaker to die in office was Charles Wolfran Cornwall, in 1789, when Pitt was rising to power. Pitt proposed a motion for fortifying the dockyards, and as the vote was equal Speaker Cornwall gave his casting vote and defeated the Government. He appears to have been wearied by the long debates, for he would frequently take up a bottle of porter and give himself a drink as he sat in the Chair. In those days Bellamy's pies were the thing, and it is said that Pitt asked for one when he was dying; but we can hardly think Speaker Cornwall ate them in the Chair as a poet of the day seems to suggest in these lines:

*There Cornwall sits, and, ah,
Compelled by fate,
Must sit for ever, through the long debate.
Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain the effects of strengthening porter tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies.*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN TO LAMBETH WALK

In a Lambeth Walk broadcast to America there was a greeting from Hollywood by one of the best-known Lambeth Walkers, Charlie Chaplin. This is part of what he said:

I remember the Lambeth streets, the New Cut, and the Lambeth Walk. They were hard streets, and one couldn't say they were paved with gold.

Nevertheless the people are made of pretty good metal. And all through your days of trial I was thinking of you, your poverty, your unbeatable courage, and your humour.

The future will be brighter, for out of the ruins of Lambeth, out of the dust of all your bombed cities, will rise a new England, where poverty should be inexcusable and charity offensive to the dignity of a people who have won the right, by blood and tears, to be profitably employed and to live peaceably.

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THE EIGHTH ARMY ARRIVES

Bit by bit the tale of the Eighth Army is told. It was received in Tripoli, as all the world knows, with a sigh of blessed relief. The Chief Rabbi said, "Come, ye messengers of peace of the Most High."

In the cathedral (undamaged, of course, by the RAF) there was seen kneeling at the altar rail a significant group: a New Zealand officer, three soldiers, two Italians, with an Italian woman and her little girl.

An Arab sheik said, "We were treated as an inferior race. You will look in vain here for Arab doctors or Arab dentists, such as are found in Moslem countries under British protection."

Wherever the Nazi hordes have been they leave behind them hatred, terror, famine, and underground rebellion.

Wherever the Eighth Army goes there follow quiet, absence of fear, food replacing hunger, and an orderly administration.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE BBC?

DEAR EDITOR, Remembering your interest in the language of the BBC, may I say that today, after the six o'clock news, we were suddenly without any explanation or introduction treated to what was apparently a new way of introducing the evening programme. It seemed that two men were talking it over and mentioning the items, but after two swearings I switched off and decided to write to you instead of listening to any more.

It is surely the limit if we cannot have the programme announced without this offensive vulgarity. What has become of the high purpose of the BBC as carved in the plaque in its Entrance Hall, that all things hostile to peace or purity may be banished from this house, and that the people may incline their ears to whatsoever things are beautiful?

A LISTENER FOR 29 YEARS

LONDON TOMORROW

A clever Iraqi architect, who came to England and earned one of his first meals in London by sketching St Paul's on the pavement, has sought to return thanks to London for its hospitality by offering another plan for Reconstruction. He is Mr N. J. Aslan, and his vision of the New London has as its chief idea the formation of a great square fringed by the Bank of England and the Mansion House, and providing a dignified approach to the Guildhall. He also proposes a ring road round the City and West End, with double carriage ways and a sunken speedway for fast vehicles.

THE GOOD BOY

This is the conversation that took place at Liverpool Assizes when a young Indian seaman found himself confronted with a lady barrister, who asked him a question:

Seaman: Mind your own business. I good boy. I no talk to girls.

Barrister: But you must please answer my question.

Seaman: I do not talk to girls.

Judge: You are a good boy, but this lady is a good girl. You must answer her questions.

Seaman: Oh! She good girl? Very well, I answer questions.

The Showman's Leap and What Has Come of It

EVEN yet, though it is becoming familiar, nothing is more thrilling to read of than the exploits of our parachute troops as they drop from the skies to alight on a Tunisian mountain or behind the lines of the enemy with some heroic mission to discharge. Who could have foreseen that ends so grim and stirring would spring from the exploit of a showman?

There must be many people who remember the first known parachutist to tour the world with his apparatus, an American

who called himself Professor Baldwin. Ascending by balloon, he used to come down with a primitive parachute and harness of the most frail description for the wonder and entertainment of crowds who paid to enter the field from which his balloon went up. Having dressed in his tent, he always sucked a lemon, and then, all being ready, he and his wife embraced as if he was embarking on a journey from which there would be no return.

The flights and descents were brave showmanship in those

days, but they were destined, in our own time, to introduce a revolution into warfare. Our parachutists are the martial successors of the showman; what he did for profit they do in the day's work for their country. Eight hundred of their predecessors came safely down by parachute in the last war after their observation balloons had been set on fire by German incendiary bullets; today it is from aeroplanes that our parachutists leap. The Spartans have succeeded the Showman.

A SMALL STATE IN 60 YEARS?

Mr Roy Harrod, the economist, who has made a special study of population, has stated that Britain will dwindle to a small and unimportant State in less than 60 years time unless more children are born than at present.

In recent years the birthrate has not been high enough to replace the existing population. Mr Harrod, addressing a Conference of the Married Women's Association, said that at the present rate of decrease our population will fall by a quarter every 25 or 30 years.

Mr Harrod suggests, as a supplement to the Beveridge family allowance proposals, a compulsory self-financing insurance scheme for those with incomes of £250 a year and more.

Dr Edith Summerskill, M.P., declared at this meeting that the only solution of the population problem is an improvement in the status of motherhood. A nation's central figure is the Mother.

THE LOUTS AND THE WATER TANKS

One of the great water tanks set up in wartime at Cheetham, Manchester, has had its capacity reduced by half owing to rubbish thrown into it. In it was found a dustbin full of broken bricks, part of a pram, a mass of wire netting, and several motor tyres. It is a scandal that people should abuse these vitally necessary tanks, and it should be a crime to throw anything into them.

50 YEARS AGO

The past winter has been so mild that all vegetation is very advanced. Early this month London hawthorn trees were in leaf, and we may wonder whether there will be a repetition of the remarkable spring of 1893.

In that season the hawthorn trees were in full bloom on May Day, a happening which is extremely rare. Fruit trees of all kinds flowered and set their fruits quite a month earlier than usual. People said that the crops would be poor because late spring frosts would damage the developing fruits, but nothing like that happened for there was no cold spell, and the weather was summer-like throughout.

NEVER AGAIN

The undesirable contrast between riches and poverty was the subject the other day of a speech by the Archbishop of York, Dr Garbett. He said:

I shall never forget the contrast between seeing one morning in South London at the docks men stretching out their hands to the foreman imploring that they might be given work, and a few hours later seeing the riches and extravagances in a West End shopping centre.

We must never, if we can help it, allow this contrast to be seen again. Whatever wealth remains to us after the exhaustion of war, and whatever wealth is created in the future, it must be so distributed that as far as possible the poorest members of the community are freed from the horrible insecurity of want.

RHODESIA'S FIRST WHITE SON

A sad echoing of the names of immortal missionaries comes from South Africa, for Mr Livingstone Moffat has passed on, a patriarch of 83.

A son of South Africa's pioneer missionary Robert Moffat, and brother-in-law of David Livingstone, he was the first white boy born in Rhodesia.

Livingstone Moffat passed an adventurous childhood while his parents were lighting the Torch of Christianity in the Dark Continent, and he followed nobly in their wake.

Well known as a successful farmer, and widely known as a former M.P., he was a staunch upholder of all that General Smuts stands for; and, having seen the first overthrowing of German tyranny, it was his good fortune to live long enough to see the turn in the final struggle and to know that before long no tyrant flag would fly anywhere above his beloved Africa.

One by one snap the links with the brave pioneers, but the chain of their good deeds still holds, unbroken and unbreakable.

DOWN THE TREE BEFORE GOING UP

An unusual flying accident occurred at Leyland in Lancashire recently, when a plane caught in a tree and settled comfortably among the branches.

Now, says Peter Puck, the pilot can boast of climbing down a tree without climbing up it.

THE ALLIES MUST LOSE NO HOUR

The French people will hold out and will bear any sufferings imposed on them, for they know that by so doing they are making a contribution to common victory. The news from Russia, North Africa, and Libya came as draughts of oxygen. The only question people seem to ask now is: "Will it be this year?"

We who have the good fortune to live in conditions which bear no resemblance to the hardships endured daily by Frenchmen must never lose sight of the extent of their sufferings. Each day, each hour lost or wasted in the Allied war effort means that still more men, women, and children fall a prey to illness, hunger, and disease, to slavery in Germany, to prison, or to the firing-squads. It is to help to hasten the end of this nightmare that I have come to England.

M. Massigli, one of the best-known French diplomats.

TOMATO NEWS

A new type of tomato plant has been introduced into this country. It is shrub-like, and its virtue is that the fruit it bears ripens in a shorter time than our own, so that it is more suitable to this climate than the familiar plant. The tomatoes it bears are small, about nine to the pound. This new variety will save the gardener much labour, for, being a shrub, it does not need stakes, nor will it be necessary to nip off the buds.

ALICE CRAWFORD'S GIFT TO RUSSIA

For more than six years Nurse Alice Crawford has lain in bed ill at Toronto.

With so many nurses in demand the war years have been particularly irksome for Nurse Crawford, but her desire to help in this way cannot, alas, be fulfilled, for she has been told that her days are numbered.

Nurse Crawford decided that she could still help, however, and, calling in the secretary of the Aid-to-Russia Fund, she handed over all her clothing which would be of use to the Russians, together with all her nursing equipment.

STORY

The story comes from Sydney of an Australian war worker, who, returning to his home overlooking Sydney Harbour, threw a baited line out of the bedroom window into the water, tied the other end round his waist, and went to bed. In the night he was awakened by a violent tug that almost dragged him out of the window. He held on with all his might, and landed a nine-foot shark.

THE SHIP AND THE PLOUGH

On the slopes of the Vale of Glamorgan the Young Farmers Club of Wick has just had probably the most successful ploughing match and demonstration held in Wales during the winter. It was a most impressive sight to see over forty ploughs handled by Young Farmers on the slopes above the cliffs of the Bristol Channel, where there was a procession of ships, with their wartime balloons, linking Britain with the outside world. Within a stone's throw of each other were the ships and ploughs, which have contributed so much to our war effort.



Submarine officers learning to recognise ships with the aid of models

The EDITOR'S TABLE

A London Planner 70 Years Ago

SHOULD we not all approve of a London planned on lines such as these proposed by a man who was complaining not of air raids, but of heat driving people out of the capital?

I wish it were all over and everyone at work again—there ought not to be such a place as a London that we have to run away from in disgust and horror—a nice city ought to be better than the country in summer, with cool arcades, fountains, and little sheltered gardens. When I build a city it shall be like that.

That might have been written any time within the last year or so; as a matter of fact it is from a letter written some seventy years ago by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose work helps to glorify so many of our churches.

Noble Saying

IT is a far nobler thing for a man to work in a sewer for the public good than it is for him to conduct on a concert platform. Sir Malcolm Sargent, the great conductor

SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

UNLESS we are sadly mistaken, there will be millions of mistakes in the thousands of millions of forms the Government sends out in the war. One we hear of is pathetic with a merry note, which seems to us the only way we can describe it.

A mother discovered that the form had entered her child's sex wrongly, and wrote to the Government: "You have changed my little boy into a girl—will it make any difference?"

The Waste That Goes On

IF every form of wastage is to go, what about the total amount spent on unnecessary beer? The Times

JUST AN IDEA

The longer we live and the more we learn, the more we value old friends and the love of home.

Under the Editor's Table

THE Italians are not like a warlike race. More like a running race. Peter Puck Wants to Know

MAIN roads usually keep to the valleys. They should be called low-ways instead of highways.

A GOVERNMENT official says he took one of the new loaves home and tried it on his wife. She preferred a hat.

SELFISH people will take anything others are willing to give. Except a hint.



If a round of beef makes a square meal

With Healing in Their Wings

BY OUR LONDON LAD

AS usual, our rush-hour bus was full when it arrived at the Request Stop. At the end of our queue a young woman wearing the trim cape of a hospital nurse scanned the bus with what would have been anxiety on a face less calm than hers, lest there should be no room. She need not have bothered, if she did, for as she stepped inside the crush seemed miraculously to thin out. "You have my seat, Nurse," said one; "I'm getting out next stop"—and another, "You sit here, Nurse; I'm sure you must be tired." She accepted with a gentle shyness, and slipped out of the bus again before we had gone very far, leaving her softly-spoken thanks behind.

SHE left something else, the recollection of what she stood for in this city of ours and in these times; and in our bus were fellow travellers who knew it well, for this bus goes by a famous hospital, and it was Visiting Day. As the bus thinned out the enforced hush of its packed homegoers gave way to friendly comment. "The other day," said a tired, anxious man in the corner, "I saw a photograph of some of those nurses. They were looking at a paper that said they ought to have more pay"; and his neighbour warmly agreed: "And so they ought to do. Look at what they have to do from half-past five in the morning. At it from morning to night; they never leave off."

"And I shouldn't wonder," added a worn-looking mother with a sleepy child, "if the young Miss who just came in was one of them who got on with it when the land mine fell that time, and the nurses helped bring the patients out from under the roof on fire." A silence, while we thought it over; then the tired man summed up. "Front line," said he; "young heroines, that's what they are!"

HE spoke for all. There was nothing more to be said, and the bus emptied at the last stop. The Londoner knows how the

blitz increased the debt he owes to the hospital. But there were some in the bus who thought of the hospital not as when deadly peril threatened it and called forth the selfless courage of the nurses whose lot it was to face it. They thought of its long corridors, any day or night of the week, so silent and so peaceful, where Sisters and Doctors conferred in murmurs, and nurses stole softly-footed in and out of the wards where sick and suffering lay.

THEY thought of the wards, they saw again the patients in the cots—some were patient indeed; some restless; some querulous; some resigned. And they saw the nurses passing from one to another. Yes, and that is not all. There is more, which those who know the hospital well can never forget, and of which they can scarcely bring themselves to speak. There is the tireless response to the patient's call, however often it may be repeated; there is the trained skill to give comfort; the patience, the insight into what the sufferer wants, and above all the affection they have to give, like that of a mother to her child. Never do they fail; no, least of all when the shadows lengthen and the light grows dim. It is theirs to bring the light at evening time.

All this I hope the Editor will let me say, adding, as someone in the bus did, "God bless them."

A Captain in the Middle East

ONE by one the bright stars in our firmament are called away. Now it is Stephen Haggard, captain in the Intelligence Corps in the Middle East.

He was a Haileybury boy and there distinguished himself as an amateur actor and a poet. We must count him among the poets who have died for their country, for when he was only 14 his master at Haileybury set him a task for forgetting his books, the task being to write a poem on Forgetfulness. It was a fitting discipline, and right nobly was it vindicated, for this was the lovely sonnet Stephen Haggard delivered to his master that day:

*Forgetfulness, who bringest bliss
To those whose minds are sore
oppressed;
Who often hast with tender kiss
The soul of injured man caressed,
Let me forget my earthly cares,
My worldly pleasures and my
rights,
That I may climb the Golden Stairs
And dwell among the starry heights.
But when with any kindly deed
Someone has tried my life to bless,
Or helped me in my hour of need,
Begone! O base forgetfulness,
Thou to the thankless bringest strife,
But to the injured brighter life.*

His country is richer for his words, prouder for his deeds, but poorer for the loss of a spirit so vital and so rare.

Lifeboatman & Woodman Too



James West, a member of the Sheringham lifeboat crew who combines his rescue work with useful work in the woods

A £200 Cottage For £1000

THE Government's announcement that 3000 cottages for farm workers are to be built is important, but it provokes interesting recollections.

Thirty or forty years ago an excellent three-bedroomed cottage could be built for £200, so that the 3000 cottages which the Government is to build, and which will now cost £3,000,000, could then have been built for only £600,000.

The housing of the people, in fact, was then quite an inexpensive matter, but now an enormous sum is required to rebuild a country village.

The Government's new building is to start in April, and the work will be under the management of rural councils. The cottages are to be built in small groups where they will best assist food production. The sites have been chosen by the Ministry of Agriculture. The Health Ministry architects will supervise. Many of the cottages will have three bedrooms with a parlour in addition to a living room. They will have roomy outbuildings, and the claim is made that they will be the best

houses yet built by local authorities. The rents will be about 10s a week exclusive of rates, which add two or three shillings more. Non-parlour houses will be 1s 6d a week less. It is hoped that similar houses will be built for rather less in peacetime.

Women have had something to say about the design; it was found that the biggest special demand of country women was for a back door completely undercover. The larders are to face north. Cupboards are to be built in. Every house has three good bedrooms, a bathroom, and a heated airing cupboard.

This excellent work will have a great influence on general rebuilding when it proceeds. As an example of the care and common sense that go to their design, the outbuildings are ample and so arranged that a bicycle or pram can be well housed, and muddy boots and wet garments can be left in a shed, so that people can enter the cottage clean and dry.

Model plans are at the disposal of local authorities, and no council will in future be allowed to build at a lower standard.

Schools With the Ocean Between

OVER 80,000 schoolgirls, including Guides and members of clubs, are now taking part in the Children of the Fighting Forces scheme which links British schools with those in Canada and the U.S.

Schools on the other side of the Atlantic send material and money for schools over here to convert into clothes and toys for distribution, through official organisations, to needy children of men in the Forces. Already the scheme, organised by Lady Butterfield in 1939, has provided these children with over 2000 tons of garments, 5000 toys and 25,000 pairs of boots and shoes, and has sent 40,000 cans of apples and 2500 lbs of chocolate to war nurseries.

Apart from this war work each school in the scheme links

closely with its opposite number in Canada or America. School in Chester in Pennsylvania, for instance, have adopted schools in Chester in England. Not only does America's Chester send material and money for English Chester pupils; but the school exchange letters, books, pictures and maps of their two cities, and have lessons about them, and pictures of each school hang on the walls of the other across the Atlantic. Broadcasts are also arranged between these schools thousands of miles apart.

Mayors, teachers, and social workers in the three countries are cooperating to help the scheme, which has been described by Earl Manvers as "one of the most promising attempts ever organised to unite the Eastern and Western Hemispheres."

AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO

Dr Mann and the Elephant

FROM A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

WE went to lunch at the Washington Zoo to meet Dr William Mann, the delightful director, and found the great man chatting with the first arrival, a schoolboy of ten named Alan.

It was a special occasion, because Alan had come to see Congo, his own lion cub, and had brought him some lamb chops in a brown-paper bag. The other guests arrived and turned out to be a bank president, a famous brain specialist, and a young science professor.

It did not need much effort to persuade Dr Mann to tell his elephant story. Before the war he was at a circus in Berlin watching elephants marching sedately round in a ring carrying children. Suddenly one of the great beasts began to prance about and trumpet.

"Why, that elephant has never behaved like that before," exclaimed the trainer; "I wonder what is upsetting him."

The elephant made straight for Dr Mann and stood in front of him. "Now, where have I seen you before?" wondered the doctor, for it was clear that the elephant knew him.

It turned out that the elephant had been one of several Dr Mann had seen soon after they were captured in North Borneo, and, incredible though it may seem, the elephant had recognised him instantly, although years had passed.

After lunch (during which a keeper had come up to Dr Mann in great excitement and told him that a baby hippo had just arrived), we went to feed Congo, and found the handsome fellow prowling up and down, too ravenous with hunger to recognise his master. The keeper drew up the bars, and Alan quickly threw in the chops.

In cages near Congo were wonderful specimens of lions and tigers, and Dr Mann had a word for each. "Hullo, Harry," he said to a massive tiger, "smile at me!" and the tiger showed his teeth in a wide grin. Harry has never quite settled down here, Dr Mann explained. Another tiger rolled over obediently when spoken to, and blinked at us in a friendly way. "I trapped him in Sumatra when he was a cub," Dr Mann said.

Then we went on to see the rare reptiles and birds for which the Zoo is world famous, the Komodo dragons, the secretary bird, the quetzal, and the emperor penguins.

These are the only emperor penguins in captivity and were brought from the Antarctic by Admiral Byrd.

The tallest and biggest of the 20 known species of penguins, they have become rather too bulky to run. When they have to hurry they lie down on the snow and propel themselves along with their feet at an amazing speed.

It was feeding time when we arrived and the keeper was thrusting fish into their mouths. Sometimes a fish would slip out and fall to the ground, where it stayed, as these penguins cannot bend down and pick things up.

We remarked on the real snow on the ground and found out that this was the reason why these penguins were able to be kept in captivity. They will not drink water and it was Dr Mann who thought of giving them snow, which they eat, and on which they thrive.

That Vagabond Nancy Price

Jack-by-the-Hedge. By Nancy Price. (Frederick Muller 7s 6d)

ON the stage or off, there is nobody like Nancy Price, and nowhere is a warmer lover of Nature. To meet her on the stage is a great delight, but to meet her in a country lane, is better still, for here she is herself, a vagabond, as she confesses.

So much at home with natural things is she that she has been known to be alone by Chancetonbury Ring at midnight, communing till dawn with the famous ring of beeches planted by a country boy 180 years ago 800 feet above the sea. We may doubt if even Gipsy Petulengro has done that, though he claims himself as a brother to Nancy Price in his introduction to her new book.

Brothers and sisters we may all claim to be of this noble woman whose heart beats true for every living thing. On the stage it costs us, we believe, 12s 6d to spend a few hours in her company; in this book we may have her always at our side, talking to us of vagabonds and country lanes, and birds and buskers, and poor men rich and rich men poor, for a little more than half of 12s 6d; and there is no Last Act in this book, for we pick it up again and again for a breath of country air and a word with a country yokel. We have lent it to a countryman and he will not let it go.

Send it to the men out there if you would give them a touch of Home.

Under the Wide and Starry Sky

MISS EVELYN DOWNS, who is now in London after spending 20 years in Samoa, has been headmistress of a school there all this time, and the school is interesting because it stands on the hillside where Robert Louis Stevenson lies under the wide and starry sky.

Just fifty years ago RLS was present at the opening of the school, and in this half century girls from all the princely families of Samoa have been

scholars there, many staying on until they were married. One of the wonderful things these girls have done was the building of their own chapel. It has no nails and not one piece of iron in it, but the whole structure is bound together with string—28 miles of it, made from the husks of coconuts. It is roofed with 3000 pieces of thatch made by hand from sugar-cane leaves, and the floor is made of fine grey pebbles brought from an ocean beach.

CARRY ON

HOME

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man—a patriot? Look around!
Oh, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy Home.

James Montgomery

INTO PORT

IN old age the noble soul renders itself unto God, and awaits the end of this life with much desire; and to itself it seems that it goes out from the inn to return home to the Father's mansion; to itself it seems to have come to the end of a long journey and to have reached the city; to itself it seems to have crossed the wide sea and to have returned into the port. Dante

The Little Prayer Before We Sleep

THE little prayer before we sleep
Is marvellous with wonders deep,
It leaves our lips a whispered word,
And by the Heart of God is heard.

The starry sky is full of pleas
From little children on their knees,
And angels stay their heavenly mirth
To catch this Music of the Earth.
A wish may be a stronger thing
Than all the swords that serve a king;
A thought God answers with His grace
May bless and save the human race.

SWEET MELODY

MAKE sweet melody, sing many songs, that thou mayest be remembered. Isaiah

The Beautiful Old Country

THE sweet violets bloom afresh every spring on the mounds, the cowslips come, the wild rose of midsummer, and the golden wheat of August. It is the same beautiful old country always new. Neither the fire engine nor the wooden plough alter it one iota, and the love of it rises as constantly in our hearts as the coming of the leaves. Richard Jefferies

The Empire That is Really Necessary

THE continued existence of a British Empire unimpaired in strength, and able and willing to assert its influence in the councils of nations, will be indispensable to the stabilisation of the post-war world.

Some Americans of a less generous temper than Mr Wendell Willkie have declared that they are not fighting to preserve the British Empire. Well, we are, and we fight thus because we believe in the Empire and its civilising mission.

We, as Australians, share the rich British inheritance and are proud to belong to the greatest association of free peoples the world has ever seen. Included in the Empire are vast populations which, under Britain's mild

and benignant rule, are steadily being educated and raised from dependence to self-governing status. Abandoned by her, they would fall a prey to oppression and naked exploitation. Some of the consequences of British inability to be strong everywhere against covetous enemies are visible already. There are outposts of the Empire to be recovered and rebuilt—on better foundations, let us hope, for British Imperialism, so-called, is far from devoid of imperfections. But the British Empire is a mighty human achievement, worthy of the friends it has found in the hour of peril, and worthy to be preserved as a bulwark of peace and freedom.

Sydney Morning Herald

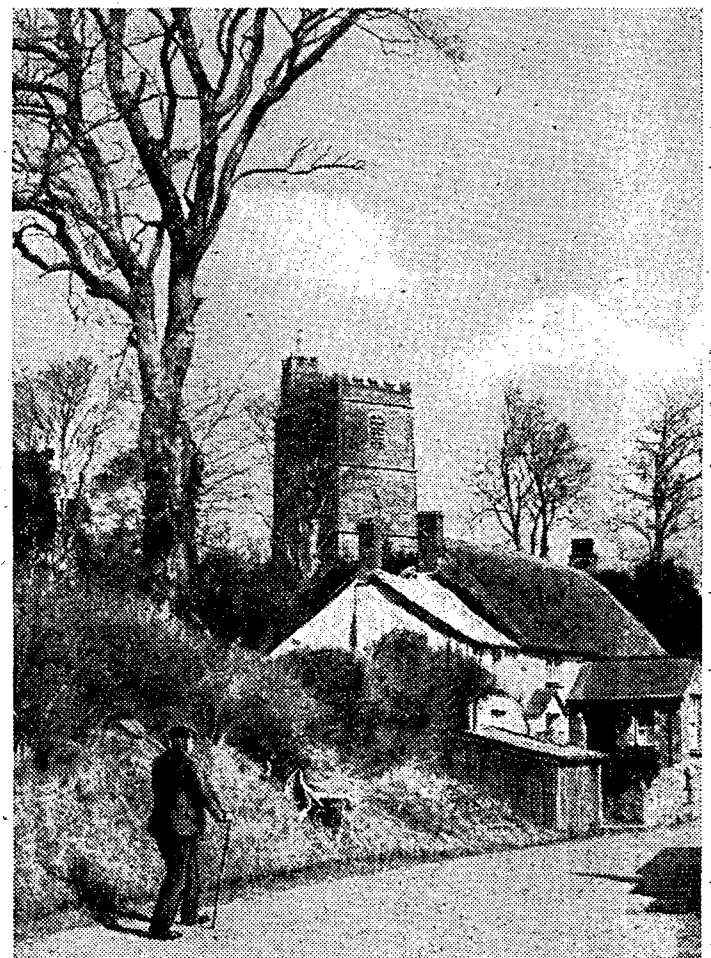
Eternal Father, Strong to Save

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease
And give, for wild confusion,
peace:
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. William Whiting



THIS ENGLAND

A corner of the Devon village of Bratton Clovelly

JOHN GOULD THE BIRD MAN

How many of us, reading of New Guinea and the horror of its battlefields, realise that it is the chief home of the beautiful bird of paradise, one of the most gorgeously arrayed of all Nature's children?

Once there was a big trade in the skins of these birds, and the Papuan natives in preparing them used to take off the legs, and sometimes the wings, and because of this our forefathers thought that birds of paradise were legless and wingless freaks which somehow floated about in the air. It was even supposed that the mother-bird built her nest in the long feathers of her mate, and these strange ideas were not the monopoly of uneducated folk, for the great Linnaeus, in naming the biggest variety in 1766, gave it a Latin title meaning the Paradise Bird without Legs!

Our more precise knowledge of these birds is largely due to the famous John Gould, who with his wife and an assistant went on a long visit to Australia and neighbouring islands, collected a wonderful store of treasures, and afterwards published monumental works on his discoveries.

Gould was a remarkable man. Born at Lyme Regis in 1804, he began his working life by helping his father in the gardens of Windsor Castle, and later became a taxidermist to the London Zoo. He married a Kent girl soon afterwards, and to her gifts as an artist he owed much of his success.

It was his great work on birds and animals that made John Gould unique. He gave the world 41 big volumes, prepared no fewer than 2999 plates, and found time to write 300 papers for scientific journals. He made a collection of 5000 skins of Australian animals, which, with his fine collection of humming-birds, were sold to the Natural History Museum for £3000.

John Gould loved the birds and animals which brought him fame, and it is good to know that they brought him profit too. He was a capable man of business, never embarking on wild adventures, but going about the publishing of his books so that they paid their way and made for him a comfortable fortune. His humming-birds were shown at the Zoo during the Great Exhibition, he being allowed to set up a building in the gardens at Regent's Park. His Birds of Great Britain represents our birds in their natural haunts with eggs, young, and nests, and the same thoroughness and perfection marked his Birds of Europe and Birds of Asia.

When Gould was an ailing old man, the great artist Millais went to see him, and found him fondly handling his treasures, enthusiastic to the end. Millais painted a picture of the moving scene, calling it The Ruling Passion, and introducing into it two delightful boys who were his own grandsons. One of these boys grew up to become Admiral Sir William James, who has recently been elected to the House of Commons.

Sir William James, who is a famous man in his own right, was perhaps even more famous as a boy (though paradoxically it was an anonymous fame), for he was the model for another of his grandfather's pictures, the famous Bubbles. This delightful study, used by an inspired advertiser, helped to make a certain soap a household word, sharing the honours in this with a grubby tramp who had used the soap "six months ago, and since then had used no other."

War Factories in China's Temples

HIGHLY-SKILLED Chinese technicians are producing munitions in their sacred temples.

Sir Stafford Cripps the other day told of his visit to the New China of Chiang Kai-shek, saying he found dozens of war factories hidden in the hills, away from Tojo's bombers, in old temples, in shacks of mud and straw, and in modern buildings of concrete and steel. The ancient and endless endurance of the East is allied with the swift and urgent invention of the West.

No wonder Sir Stafford was able to assure his listeners that the indomitable Chinese were slowly fretting away the strength of the Japanese. Their victories are not spectacular, he said, and we tend to forget their achievements, but they are truly massive.

All the same, the entire Allied World is hoping that we shall hurry with our help, or there may come a limit even to China's endurance. There was an anxious note in the earlier speech of Madame Chiang Kai-shek at Washington, when she told America of China's dire need. Since the Japs closed the Burma Road practically nothing had come into China from the West, she said; certainly no food. We must open the Burma Road again, as soon as we can to save this great and proud people.

The Old Professor

WE have written before about "Uncle Tobs," who is Professor Tobias Matthey, greatest of living music-teachers. Now he has had his 85th birthday, and he came up to London for the concert which his pupils arranged in his honour at the National Gallery.

Dame Myra Hess, most famous of them all, was there, not too famous to admit that she still needs the teaching of the grand old artist who first showed her how to be an artist. This gifted and gentle lady made the speech of congratulation to her old friend from Haslemere, and then played two of his own compositions. How he loved that!

There he stood, in his familiar velvet coat and skull cap, his pink cheeks glistening, his white hair shining, his bright eyes glowing, as pupil after pupil came up to the platform when the concert was over, to kiss him on both cheeks. Famous or obscure, young or not so young, he made no difference between them. They were all his boys and girls, whom he loved and cherished. For not only has he always been a fine teacher; he has always taught with kindness, and remembered how much a generous word of encouragement means to the young beginner.

WAYS THAT ARE DARK

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain

The heathen Nazee is peculiar.

Bret Harte adapted

The Germans, who have probably invented more dishonest devices than any other nation in history, have found an ingenious way of extracting the juice from Italy's oranges without spoiling the appearance of the orange. The Germans take the juice and leave their Italian allies millions of lovely-looking—dry oranges.

THE CELESTIAL CRAB

How It Came to Be in the Sky

THAT most singular constellation, Cancer, the Crab, writes the C.N. Astronomer, may now be observed to advantage on any dark night when the Moon is absent. Toward the end of next week will be a suitable time, for none of the stars of Cancer appear bright.

Many of the stars, however, are of great interest and may be easily found as they are high up, not far from overhead and due south between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening at the present time. The brilliant Jupiter, which appears away to the right, or west, about twice as far from Delta as Delta is from Beta, will be a definite guide for finding the stars shown in the star-map.

Why so prosaic a creature as a humble crab should have such a place of honour in the Zodiac of the Heavens, between Gemini, the Twins, and Leo, the celestial Lion, may seem surprising; we have to search back into remote antiquity to find out why. Actually the Crab was a Greek and Roman rendering of a still more insignificant but very famous creature, the sacred Beetle, or Scarab, of the ancient Egyptians. It so happens that in the famous Egyptian Zodiac inscribed in stone at Denderah, the position of the constellation of Cancer, the Crab, is occupied by a Scarab, or Sacred Beetle.

Red and White Suns

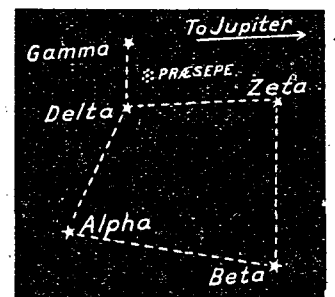
At a still more remote period, some 7000 to 8000 years ago, the Chaldeans appear to have had a Tortoise where we now see the Crab. The ancient Egyptians appear to have transformed the Tortoise into an object they revered more, for the Scarab was their emblem of immortality. As the ancient Greeks and Romans had no interest in Scarabs, a creature of somewhat similar shape eventually took its place as Carcinus, or Cancer.

Its two chief stars, Alpha and Beta, are only about fourth magnitude, but may be easily identified as they are in line with the bright star Procyon, which is about as far to the right of Beta as Alpha is to the left. Alpha is actually composed of two suns, the larger one white and the smaller red; the red star is of only eleventh magnitude, and its colour suggests that it is an immense world in the making. Beta

appears brighter than Alpha and is, according to spectroscopic measurements, about 43½ light-years distant.

Of much greater interest than these is what appears to be only a little star, Zeta in Cancer. Actually this is a marvellous solar system composed of three suns and at least one great world, which, though invisible, is known to exist.

These suns are all very similar to our Sun both in size and age, but two of them, which average about 1600,000,000 miles apart,



The chief stars of Cancer

revolve round a common centre between them once in 59½ years; while at the enormous distance of 9600,000,000 miles is the third sun of the system. This sun has been found to have a giant planet revolving round it, but, though invisible to us, its presence is made known by its gravitational pull upon the central sun, which causes the latter to revolve in a smaller orbit; thus they both revolve once in about 17½ years.

The average distance of this invisible world from its central sun is about 850,000,000 miles, so it is at almost the same distance as Saturn is from our Sun. As this solar system of Zeta is about 4,300,000 times farther away than our Sun, we thus are able to realise how very marvellous it is that astronomers are able to find out the existence of the invisible at such an enormous distance. Incidentally, we learn how much there must be that remains unknown just because we cannot see the evidence of its existence. G. F. M.

Thank You After 20 Years

DEAR EDITOR, Can you please help me to say a big Thank You to an unknown friend?

About 1922 I asked you to appeal to readers of the C.N. to send their old copies to St Aidan's Indian Mission, Durban, where I was then working. The immediate response was beyond all expectations, and when I left the mission in 1929 copies still arrived at more or less regular intervals, and were much appreciated.

I am now visiting the mission, and imagine my surprise and joy to find that one of your readers still sends the C.N. regularly, and it gives constant pleasure to

Indian patients, young and old, in the hospital.

Twenty years of well-doing, and without one word of thanks! The postmark, Perth, and the name Clark, written in pencil by the newsagent, are the only clues to the name and address of the sender.

I should be so grateful if you could insert a word of appreciation and thanks, in the hope that this friend may see it.

With thanks to you and all good wishes that 1943 may bring peace and goodwill to all the earth.

ELEANOR DUNCAN, St Aidan's Hospital, Durban, South Africa

BEDTIME CORNER

Once There Was a Little Lamb

THIS is the true story of Joey the Lamb. It was very cold and the snow was coming down in great big flakes as I went along to collect my eggs from the farm.

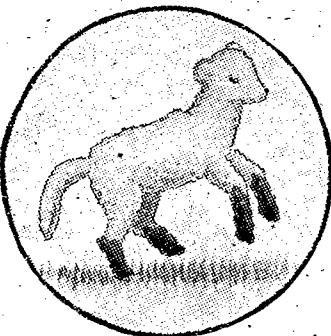
I knew there would be a lovely fire in the farm kitchen, and there was. In front of it was a cradle, and kneeling by it was the farmer's wife holding a feeding bottle.

Now Mrs Morgan's baby was grown up, and couldn't possibly get into a cradle, and I said, Whose baby have you there? Mine, said she; come and look. It was a tiny lamb with a white coat and four black legs, and it was wrapped in one of Mrs Morgan's warm vests.

The poor mite had been kicked by some cattle the night he was born, and was still weak. The farmer's wife picked him up and put him on the floor, but his legs wouldn't hold, and down he went.

The next time I saw Joey he could walk delicately round the table, still in his vest. Such

a queer creature he looked; but a few weeks later Joey was out in the fields playing with his twin brother and without his vest.



They were playing King of the Castle. First one would jump on their mother's back and then the other would push him off till they were tired out.

Joey and his brother are big fellows now, and don't need vests to keep them warm; they just wear their lovely woolies.

The Children's Newspaper, March 20, 1943

Devon's Cornish Men FINE RECORD OF A FAMILY

A Family of Devon. By Vaughan Cornish. (King & Potts, St Leonards. 10s 6d.)

WE have found an hour or two to spend over a little book which we are sure has been a work of love and toil for Dr Vaughan Cornish.

Those who know the noble view from Salcombe Hill, the highest cliff on the south coast of Devon, will be thankful to Dr Cornish for having dedicated this scene as an Open Space for ever. We should like to think that the nation will regard it as a memorial to the Cornish family.

An Ancient House

It is this family whose record Dr Cornish has traced through five centuries in this book, and well it would be if every old family in the land had a historian so faithful. We see the members of this ancient house in their homes, on their travels, and at their occupations; living in the neighbourhood of Thurstlestone, Totnes, and Sidmouth, or serving their generation and their country by land or sea in various parts of the world.

They have been writers, naturalists, soldiers and sailors, doctors, rectors, educators, Members of Parliament, and have produced at least one judge, one bishop, and one Vice-Provost of Eton. Their character has been beyond reproach, and they have stood for all that is noblest in our English life.

The bishop was Bishop of Madagascar, the first European many of the natives of that island had seen when he went out to them in 1874. A remarkable story is told of his grandfather George Cornish, who was at Spithead on August 29, 1782, waiting to board the Royal George. He called at the barber's to have his hair cut, and so kept his friends waiting in the boat. Suddenly, as they waited, the great ship disappeared before their eyes. It was one of the most astounding events in the world, and George Cornish declared

that it impressed them all as the disappearance of the Isle of Wight would have done. All the world knows Cowper's poem, expressing the popular belief that the ship had capsized in the wind, but the truth is that brave Kempenfelt and his 800 men went down because the timbers of the Royal George were rotten.

George Cornish's chance call at the barber's saved his life, and he lived to go out to India as ADC to the Governor-General. Another curious story told of him is that he was offered immense sums of gold by certain persons just for promising to do nothing. Some members of the family fell in the last war and one is a prisoner in this, and through all these years a thread of heroism, culture, and public service has run through all the generations of this family.

Dr Vaughan Cornish, who writes this book as a work of love in his 81st year, is the son of a Suffolk vicarage, and has done much valuable literary and scientific work for half a century. As his ancestor escaped from the Royal George disaster, he himself escaped from a Jamaica earthquake, and it was like him to return to Jamaica to investigate the cause of the convulsion.

Beauty is No Mere Luxury

He has studied such questions as sand ripples in Dorset and in Egypt, the action of the wind on snow, and the velocity of wind and ocean waves. He has lectured to the Navy on strategic geography, and has been President of the Geographical Association. He has written a book on ancient thorn trees, and has done much to promote the formation of national parks.

Scenery indeed is perhaps his chief delight, and Dr Cornish is one of the truest friends of our countryside. The beauty of environment, he says, is no mere luxury, but an essential factor in the spiritual welfare of the nation. That is well said, and we should like it to be written above the doorway of the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

A GODSTONE IDEA

YOUTH is often told that the future of the country is in its hands; but how often it is just left at that!

One preacher of that gospel, however, Councillor Bruce-Roberts, Chairman of Godstone Rural Council, is doing a really practical bit of planning. He is not only going to tell the youth of both sexes how England is governed, but he is going to arrange for them to have actual experience of doing the job.

The scheme would have started in 1939 had not war come. It would be begun even now, but Mr Bruce-Roberts feels that rural councils are not functioning in the complete fashion he would like youth to see them function, in these days of so much regional control.

The boys and girls who attend Limpsfield Council School will be the first to tackle this job of qualifying as our future local rulers. Mr Bruce-Roberts is

arranging for them to attend a meeting or two of the Godstone Council first of all, to see "how the wheels go round."

He will talk to them about the duties of the Council, how it is elected, and so on, and then these future rulers of this fair land will form themselves into a council, elect a chairman, apportion various duties to committees, appoint officials, and attend to all the work of local government.

"I hope the experiment is successful and that it will spread to every part of the country," the enterprising organiser of the idea said. "I think it is bound to result in a much wider interest in local affairs, not only from the elector's point of view, but because it will stimulate the desire to take a hand in it. We shall get better understanding and more responsible men into local government, and then we shall get practical reforms of procedure and powers."

HUNGRY BELGIUM

THE Nazi occupation of Belgium has raised the deathrate of her people to four times what it was before the war, while three children are now being born for every four then. The cause of these calamities is lack of food.

Starvation diseases are rife among children under school age, and schoolchildren are often a stone lighter than they should be. Going hungry to school the older boys and girls often faint from exhaustion.

The whole population is in fact half-starved, and the poorest 2,000,000 are only receiving about 1000 calories instead of the 3000 necessary each day for health and strength. The supplies of food to the four or five millions who are better off do not yield more than 1300 calories, while 1800 calories is the estimate for the prosperous classes who can afford black market prices.

Only 20,000 tons of fish, flour, and oil, and 50 tons of dried milk has reached Belgium from other countries since May 1941. This has been distributed to 1,500,000 of the poor, but only amounts to about 30 calories a day for each person.

The Belgian Government in London is urging that milk and vitamins should be sent to the Belgian children at their expense. They would occupy very little shipping space, and if sent in limited quantities would not be stopped by the Nazis.

THE UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR

A great multitude of people go about the world doing good by stealth. A group of these, unknown, has just given £30,000 to the Government for use in promoting good will, culture, and social welfare between this country and the South American republics. It is felt that the good work done by the British Council should be extended, and the money has therefore been placed at the disposal of the Council and the Foreign Office.

Children's Hour.

Here are details of the B B C broadcasts for Wednesday, March 17, to Tuesday, March 23.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Programme for St Patrick's Day. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Railway Children (Part 3); also Kenway and Young in It Goes to Show.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Big Six, Part 5—The World's Whoppers; followed by Gramophone Records. 5.45 Your Garden by H. G. Fleet.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Tammy Toot's Dancing Lesson—a story for the youngest listeners by Lavinia Derwent, read by W. H. D. Joss; followed by Musical Allsorts—a variety concert for children.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Finlo, the Young Tailor, by Kathleen Killip, and told by Nan. 5.30 Isobel Baillie makes her first appearance in Children's Hour and presents six of her own songs. 5.50 Consider the Birds, by Laurens Sargent—No. 4, Users of Clay, the hornbills, the oven-birds, and several others.

MONDAY, 5.20 Angus and the Green Glass Bowl—a story for the youngest listeners by Marion Loch-head, read by Kathleen; followed by Music at Random, by Helen Henschel, with illustrations by the Kirkintilloch Children's Choir.

TUESDAY 5.30 Young Farmer's Bee, conducted by A. W. Ling; followed by Sizing Up the Weather, a talk by Norman Pye.

He Loved His Little Swallow and His Mighty Country

None of us can imagine how terrible is the life of the Russian people now. Vassili Utin has been awarded the title Hero of the Soviet Union. This is his story.

ONE evening a reconnaissance in force set off, with young Vassili in charge, preparatory to an offensive. They crept unnoticed to a village held by the enemy. Utin left his comrades on guard while he crept closer. He hid in a barn and watched a house into which groups of Germans kept disappearing. He guessed they were going in to bed.

He flung a hand-grenade through the window. The Germans jumped out into the courtyard, some half-dressed, some naked. Here they were mowed down by Utin's automatic rifle. A group of Germans rushed to the barn, and before Vassili had time to reload an officer and a private ran in. The officer raised his sabre. Utin gave him a terrific blow with his rifle butt. The other Germans rushed at him, but Vassili disposed of them. Shooting his way out, he began to crawl back to his comrades.

On the way he saw some machine-gunners hidden in a shed; they kept the street under

fire and prevented the scouts from advancing. Vassili took up a position in their rear and let them have a long burst. Only one machine-gunner remained. He raised his hands and began to whimper. Vassili looked at him sullenly and said: "Why are you whimpering? It's easy to give your life for something you love."

Towards morning the Germans brought up reinforcements and launched a counter-attack under protection of strong machine-gun fire. Vassili decided that the gun had to be silenced, crept very close to it, flung two hand-grenades, and destroyed the entire crew. He then turned the machine-gun against the advancing Germans, who were checked.

At the end of that day an enemy bullet lodged in his breast. It pierced a carefully folded sheet of paper which his comrades found in his pocket. On it was written in a neat hand: *Dearest Katyusha, My little swallow, I love you so much it's impossible to express it in words . . .*

FLYING MAN OF THE ISLANDS

A MODERN pioneer is Captain E. E. Freeson, senior pilot of Inverness Airways, who has just completed 25 years of flying.

In recent years he has built up an air service between the remote north of Scotland and Glasgow. From his airfield in the Orkney Islands he flies passengers across the grim mountains which made the Highlands inaccessible; a No Man's Land to the city Scot. He has flown the

sick from remote islands to Glasgow hospitals, and has dropped food to starving people when islands were stormbound.

The Captain has made Highlanders air-minded, for, as a result of his pioneering, women who never saw a train now step into planes to go shopping in Wick. For his work in abolishing the barrier between the remote Scottish Highlands and the cities he has received high praise.

THE ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL MONITOR AT ST. MARKS

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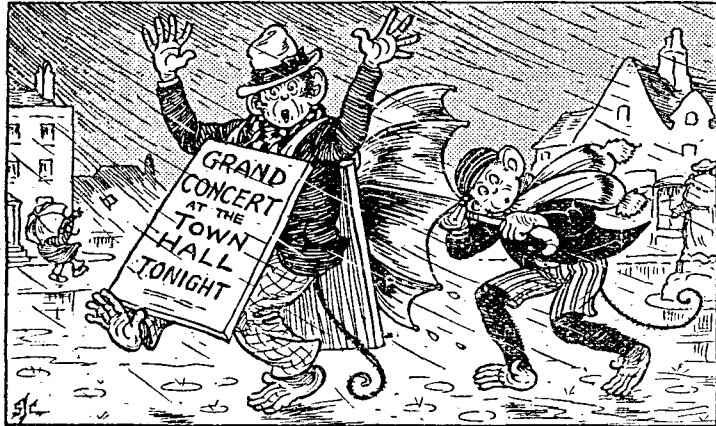
SUBTRACTION

Said Miss James, "Now, boys, when we subtract we must have things in the same denomination. We can't take three apples from six peaches, or four hens from eight cats."

Little Willie looked worried and held up his hand.

"Please, teacher," he asked, "couldn't we take three apples from two trees?"

Jacko Can't Get On



THE wind roared and the rain poured down, and Jacko's umbrella was bobbing up and down as if bewitched. "Ugh!" he grunted. "Wind's getting stronger." He could hardly push his way against it. "Hi!" shouted a voice. "What do you think you're doing?" It came from a sandwichman just ahead, and it wasn't the wind but the poor man's board that Jacko was battling against! In future Jacko will look where he is going.

REVERSALS

THE first line in each of the couplets below is the definition of a word, and the second line in each case is the definition of that word reversed.

A carpenter's maker.
The quarter of an acre.
To swarm or abound.
Where huntsmen are found.
An exploit or action.
A legal transaction.

Answer next week

THE BRAN TUB

Patriot

THERE was an old man of Leeds
Who thought of the nation's
great needs;
He hired an allotment,
And said it a lot meant
To sow it all over with seeds.

Safety First

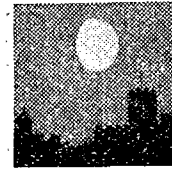
LITTLE Jack Horner
Stood at the corner
Watching the traffic go by;
And when it had passed
He crossed over at last,
And said, "What a good boy
am I."

Easy

A: WHAT is your idea of a soft job?
B: Superintendent of lines for a wireless telegraphy company.

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west; Saturn and Uranus are in the south-west; and Jupiter is high in the south. In the morning Mars is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon at 10 p.m. on March 17.



SIXPENCE

EACH of five boys saved sixpence, and each found he had ten coppers; but every boy's collection was different from the others. For example, one boy had two pennies and eight half-pennies. No other boy's ten coins were made up in this way.

What coins had the other four boys saved?

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Our regular food. 4 A spring. 8 To increase. 9 Man's helper through the ages. 10 This restrains the aforementioned. 12 To be carried on No 9. 13 That which is used as food. 15 Ruddy. 18 Lattice-work. 21 Notion. 23 Used on farms for carrying two pails. 24 A kind of hamper. 25 Perceive. 26 Travelling court of justices. 27 Repair.

Reading Down. 1 Venture. 2 Visionary. 3 Prepare for publication. 4 Temporal. 5 One of the Great Lakes. 6 Cash (abbrev.). 7 National emblem of Wales. 11 Tell a story. 14 Honey-maker. 16 To cause to resemble. 17 Cereal grown in swampy conditions. 18 Rend. 19 To become dispossessed. 20 The plant springs from this. 22 Arid.

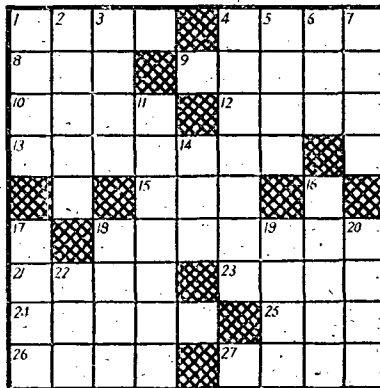
Answer next week

ALTERNATIVE

TEACHER: Can any of you tell me what a synonym is?
Bright Boy: Please, teacher, it's the word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Do You Live in Lincolnshire?

LINCOLNSHIRE is the shire or district of Lincoln, and that name probably comes from the Latin Lindum Colonia, meaning the Roman settlement by the pool.



...and the LIGHTS will come back...

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp? It is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a good job in helping to keep the health standard of children high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period. By helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

IS THERE ENOUGH FOR ALL?

Boy: Many public men speak hopefully of bringing about a better way of life for all the world, but I notice that they do not tell us where the world is to obtain more land, more materials, more fuel, than it has now. Can the world be made sufficiently fruitful to yield a high degree of comfort for all its people?

Man: You put your finger on a most significant factor in the world. The United States, with its area of 3,000,000 square miles, its great seaboard facing the world's great oceans, its splendid stores of metals and materials, its mighty mines, its great plains, its wonderful variety of climate, had millions of its citizens living in poverty not long before the war began.

President Roosevelt, only two years before the war, reminded his people that one-third of them were "ill-housed, ill-clad, and ill-nourished," and that "the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day." But we need not go to America to find poverty. In our own country Mr Seebohm Rowntree has established that in the cathedral City of York investigation showed that nearly one in three of the working-class population fell below a very modest poverty line; that was in 1936, three years before the war.

Boy: So that the possession of great domestic resources does not free a nation from poverty?

Man: Not under our present system. The British Empire and the United States between them possess over a quarter of the entire world's land, with the cream of the world's natural resources, and yet they have poverty.

Boy: Could not that condition be greatly improved by scientific organisation?

Man: Undoubtedly there is room for great improvement, but we have to remember that the process of reform bristles with difficulties, and its very difficulty in our own case, with our favourable conditions as to colonies, ought to remind us that it is not easy to bring about tremendous changes in nations of which we know little, whose natural resources may be much poorer than ours.

Boy: Is the world as a whole very rich in natural wealth?

Man: It is a very little world with very little land, only about a fourth of which is cultivable; the rest consists of hot or cold deserts, marsh, mountain, and waste. The world's mineral wealth is small in relation to a

demand big enough to give the world modest development; metal famines are bound to come. The world's timber is being cut down without adequate renewal. The world's petroleum is being used up too fast. The ancient deserts are being extended while new ones are being made. We cannot call the world rich enough to stand all this.

Boy: Has all this affected the war?

Man: Yes, in every department. Very few nations have resources enabling them to meet the demands of modern warfare; and, if you come to think of it, that is the same thing as saying that very few nations have the means to meet the demands of modern peace.

Boy: Isn't that rather pessimistic?

Man: We need not be pessimistic, but we must be careful. If we demand riches for all nations and all men we demand the impossible. If we are content to demand wealth for all nations and all men, we demand what is possible, for the true meaning of wealth is that which avails towards life. A modest competence that gives true wealth is certainly possible for all the world's peoples.

NEW DAY

THE sun looked in at my window
And said, Get up, Child, do;
Just see the simply lovely day
I've brought along for you.
A breeze is blowing, the clouds
roll by,
A lark is singing in the sky.
The primrose is blooming by the
brook,
And robin is building a nest—
do look!
The rabbits and hares are all so
gay,
Scampering and frolicking in
their play.
So hurry up, Child, get up, please
do,
A jolly new day has come for
you.

Procrastinator



THE man who when his house
caught fire
Began to dig for water
Did not display the sort of brain
A really wise man oughter!

RACE

A MAN said to a famous
sprinter, I'll race you and
beat you if you'll let me choose
the course and give me a yard
start.

Said the sprinter confidently,
"Name your course."
"Up a ladder," said the challenger.

WHEN BABY COUGHS IN THE NIGHT

To ease that terrifying night cough without fussing or "dosing," simply rub baby with "Vick." Its healing vapours, which he inhales, clear the air-passages, soothe irritation. And, like a poultice, it eases his chest. In a jiffy, baby, and mother, are asleep again. A bedtime rub with "Vick" usually prevents night coughing.



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